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1822

THIRTEEN YEARS'

LABOUR LOST.

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EX 246.220

Thirteen Years' Labour Lost ;

OR,

THE FORCE OF NATURE :

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

AS PERFORMED AT THE

ROYAL COBURG AND ROYALTY THEATRES.

==
BY J. M. BENNETT.
==

To which is added,

The Comic Duet of "JEMMY and JERRY,"

Also, the popular

SONG OF "GO IT JERRY."

=====
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. LOWNDES, 36, BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

With a Coloured Plate, Price 1s.

1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lubin, Son to Father Phillip..... *Miss GOODWIN.*
Phillip, a Recluse..... *Mr. VILLIERS.*
Anselme, a friend of Phillip's..... *Mr. GALLOTT.*
Eliza, his Daughter..... *Miss WATSON.*
Gertrude, her Governess and Anselme's
fuctotum..... *Miss HOLLAND.*

Thirteen Years' Labour Lost ;

OR,

The Force of Nature.

SCENE I.

A Garden, ornamented with Shrubs, Roses, &c.—on the right the Front of a respectable House ; adjoining it a Pavilion ornamented with Flower-pots, &c.—a secret Door in it, on which is Painted the Images of the Three Graces, grouped ; at the Bottom of the Garden-wall, through which is an exit by a gate. Beyond the Wall, on the Right, a View of a City at a Distance—on the Left a Mountainous and woody Country.

Two Chairs and a Spinning-wheel.

Enter ELIZA from the house, her work in her hand, she looks slyly into the house, and shuts the door gently.

Eliza. I have left my governess very busy, and my father is gone out ; and now, I think, it is a good opportunity to find out the mystery of this secret door.—So here goes.—*[She goes to the Pavilion, and looks at the Picture.]* My governess often gains an admittance here, by placing her hand on this picture—a door opening, she gets into my chamber—But I can find no means to open it—no—nothing. *[Looks and examines it]* Ah ! here is a little day light ! and a little button !—Perhaps !—*[She presses it]* Yes, it is, it is—*[The door flies open, and she examines the spring very closely.]* This is the secret then—I must close it again for fear of being found out.—*[shuts the door.]* Now I know how to open it, how much more comfortable I am ; yesterday I had such a weight upon my mind, that it hindered me from sleeping all night. But now I don't know what this door can be for—it cannot be to see me sleep—no ! there is but one way of sleeping, so it cannot be for that ; what can it be for then ?—There must be something they wish to conceal from me—I should like to know what it is ?—no doubt

some very pretty agreeable thing or another; if it were to cause me any trouble, or mean to punish me at all, my governess would not hesitate to shew it to me?—I have it!— I will ask my father, and if old cross patch is not with him, I know he will tell me, he is so good to me—How shocking it is to keep a young girl of my age in ignorance—I am already sixteen years old, and am quite certain I do not know one half of what passes in the world—[*Noise of footsteps in the house.*] Ah, here she comes! I must be seated and pretend to be hard at work.

Enter Gertrude, and speaks aside.

Gertrude. So! So! Miss Eliza already up and out.—Ah! ah! there is something at the bottom of all this; but I will surprise her. [*to Eliza*] What are you doing there, Miss?

Eliza. My work, governess.

Gertrude. You have left your room early this morning.

Eliza. It is so fine a morning, governess, I wished to breathe the fresh air.

Gertrude. And have you learnt all the task I set you?

Eliza. Yes, governess.

Gertrude. This is very strange, you were not accustomed to study so quick?—Have you seen any person pass the gate this morning?

Eliza. Nobody, governess. [*aside*] I must try to keep her in a good humour. Governess, my father went out very early this morning—why did he go so soon?

Gertrude. He has business to attend to, child.

Eliza. What business is it that calls him from home?

Gertrude. What does it matter to you, pert inquisitive hussy!

Eliza. It concerns me much, my dear governess, for this reason;—when he is gone out I always observe that every thing is entrusted to you, and it gives you much additional trouble.

Gertrude. Well, if it does, I know how to bear up with it, Miss.

Eliza. True.—But I think my father might find some one to assist you?

Gertrude. And perhaps you think yourself competent to to the task. Silence, hussy, and continue your work. [*she sits down and spins*] To manage these pert, inquisitive girls, now-a-days, would require the patience of a saint, which I am sure is more than I possess—Heaven knows!

Eliza. [*aside*] I must endeavour to get out of her, with some pretty saying or another, what these secrets my heart pants to know, are—governess, my dear governess.

Gertrude. What do you want?

Eliza. To ask you one single question, come now, don't be cross.

Gertrude. Well, well, what is it?

Eliza. The world is very old, is it not?

Gertrude. Yes.

Eliza. And every one dies in it?

Gertrude. Well.

Eliza. And yet there is no end to it—how is that?

Gertrude. How is that? I don't know. I will not answer you.

Eliza. Well, but governess answer me this! what is that thing they call a husband?

Gertrude. A traitor, a good-for-nothing brute.

Eliza. Dear me—but if they are all so, when one wants to get one, tell me, what are we to do, and how are they to be found?

Gertrude. You will know all about it in good time.

Eliza. I think—a—governess may I not have one?

Gertrude. No child.

Eliza. No—sure I am old enough.

Gertrude. Silence, I say, and leave off talking about such foolish things—let us think of preparing something for Father Phillip, he will be here presently, it is his gathering day.

Eliza. Oh! yes that I will, he looks such a good old man?

Gertrude. Good?—yes, like all the sex, an old hypocrite. He comes begging here when he might have supported himself.

Eliza. Is he rich?

Gertrude. He was so, but your father knows more of him than any body else.

Eliza. He was too generous then?

Gertrude. No—it was not his generosity that brought him to the state he is in—it was a foolish idea he had imbibed and that in a great measure deprived him of his senses—ah! if he had known me when I had the care of his wife, [*she sighs*] it would not have been so with him.

Eliza. [*aside*] How shall I find out something—Was he an imprudent man?

Gertrude. Much worse, he was a jealous fool.

Eliza. Jealous ! of whom ?

Gertrude. Of whom ? of his wife to be sure.

Eliza. [*aside*] Now for it. Did she like any one better ?

Gertrude. No—he tormented her so, that at last—

Eliza. Aye ! at last ?

Gertrude. What miss, dare you to repeat my words ?

Eliza. No governess, I will never do so again.

Gertrude. It is not proper for girls like you to chatter to one of three times your age—If you do so again ; plague of my life [*Garden gate bell rings*] There—there is your father returned—[*She goes and opens the gate.*]

Eliza. Oh ! how many things I shall find out in time.

Gertrude. I am glad you are arrived, sir—

Eliza [*runs to her father*] Ah ! my dear father !

Anselme. Well, my girl, how are you this morning—*Gertrude*, you seem vexed—what ails you ?

Gertrude. I have cause to be—You must know, sir—

Anselme. I wish to know nothing, if my daughter is concerned ; to appease one quarrel between you would be laying the foundations of a dozen more—[*mysteriously*] a propos *Gertrude*, I have something to say to you.

Gertrude. To me.

Anselme. Yes.

Eliza. And to me, father.

Anselme. No, go to your chamber, *Eliza*, and do not come out of it without my leave.

Eliza. [*coaxing him*]. But sure, father.

Gertrude. But—but—none of your but's here, Miss, if you please. A girl like you indeed, to but, when you are ordered to do any thing, obey without hesitation. But, indeed !

Eliza. I will, Governess [*aside*]. There is something worth knowing here. I will not be far off. [*Exit.*]

Anselme. I have often told you, *Gertrude*, your harsh conduct to my daughter is not pleasing to me. I must beg you will, for the future, be more moderate.

Gertrude. You ought to thank me for it—it is a treatment I make use of in order to instill into your daughter's mind an idea of virtue. And I would have you know, Mr. *Anselme*, I have been held up as an example of virtue all my life.

Anselme. That *may* be ; but in triumphing in the cause of virtue, you have gained many enemies.

Gertrude. Granted I have, Mr. Anselme, I would have you to know that the gallantry of the men was not to exceed its limits.

Anselme. Rather vexed, I see.

Gertrude. I am, Sir.

Anselme. Come, come, Gertrude, be moderate. I have something to cheer you; something, too, that will give you an opportunity to exercise your power and hatred over one of those animals you seem so much to dislike.

Gertrude. What do you mean, Sir?

Anselme. Be patient, and you shall hear all [*takes a letter out*]. You know that father Phillip has a son about 18 years old. You also know that he banished himself from the society of men and women at the death of his wife—went to live with his son, then only 4 years old, in the woods hard by, on the top of the mountains, on account of the supposed misconduct of his wife.—

Gertrude. Well, sir?

Anselme. That he might, by such an act, preserve his poor boy from the dangers and troubles he himself now labours under—for that reason he has deprived him from seeing any living soul, and has also artfully contrived to conceal from his notice the existence of any human being but himself.

Gertrude. Well, well, but what does the letter say?

Anselme. You shall hear.—He writes me word that he is very infirm, and is afraid he will not be able to come to the gathering, and that he wishes to give his son a thorough dislike to the female sex, he having as great a hatred for them as you have for the men.

Gertrude. An old simpleton.

Anselme. And to accomplish this most effectually, he wishes to place the poor innocent boy under the protection of a person of a *certain disposition* of character.

Gertrude. Oh! the fool.

Anselme. Who would always be willing to torment him, and even ill treat him.

Gertrude. The old rogue.

Anselme. One who would, by her conduct, give him such an utter dislike to the sex, as would serve him for ever as a shield against their fascinating powers. And my dear Gertrude—to accomplish this he has fixed on you.

Gertrude. The wretch—he never yet did any thing that was right—and this new scheme of his will be of as much

use to him as the secret door he had contrived for the purpose of watching the actions of his wife.

Anselme. Do not be angry, Gertrude—every body knows your kind and amiable disposition. So come, you will consent to it, will you not?

Gertrude (aside). If I do—Yes, I shall be the only woman—Yet I should like to see—But never mind, I will pretend to accept of the office [*to Anselme*] I am resolved, Sir. I will undertake the task.

Anselme. Thanks, Gertrude. But see, he is coming this way, with Lubin concealed under his cloak. You go, and see that Eliza is carefully locked up in her chamber. Go.

[*Bell rings. Anselme lets them in. Phillip is much agitated, and keeps Lubin concealed and looks about him—then speaks.*]

Phillip. What cruel torments have I felt in crossing the mountains, for fear my poor boy should have been observed!

Anselme. Why do you cause yourself so much uneasiness, Phillip. You must well know he will ultimately discover all you are so anxious to conceal from him; you cannot live for ever, Phillip.

Lubin [is uncovered]. Why did you keep me wrapt up so, father---why was I not to see all the pretty things as we passed the mountains.

Philip. This caution was necessary, Lubin; but now you may see all—and what's more, I'll give you another father.

[*Lubin is introduced to Anselme.*]

Lubin. Another father! Is it customary then to have two fathers?

Anselme. No, dear Lubin: but an old acquaintance is, for friendship's sake, sometimes called so.

Lubin. What a delightful custom it is. Well, then, you shall be my father. [*takes his hand and looks about.*]

Phillip. Sweet innocence!

Lubin. Dear me, what a delightful place! How pretty it is! Oh, father! I am so happy! [*turns to Anselme.*]

Where do you live, Sir?

Anselme. Here, my pretty Lubin.

Lubin [snuffs the air]. How sweet and refreshing is the air! Do you live alone, Sir?

[*Phillip beckons to Anselme to be cautious.*]

Anselme. No, no! Lubin.

Lubin. Who lives with you, then?

Phillip. His children, child, his children.

Lubin. His children? Are they any thing like me? Let me see them, will you?

Phillip. You shall presently, boy.

Lubin. Nay, father, why not now? [*to Anselme.*] Do you know I have never seen any thing alive, but father and you, and some wild beasts, and am so anxious to see your children. I feel as if I should love them so! Are they near the great town you told me of, father? [*Eliza appears.*]

Phillip. No—[*aside*—]—How he teases me!

Lubin [*pulling his father*]. Let us go there, then, come, come. I shall see more pretty things there, that will please me; come, let's hasten and see them.

[*Eliza has entered from the secret door, which she pulls to gently, and listens to Lubin. Anselme and Lubin entreat Phillip while Eliza speaks and hides up.*]

Eliza [*as she comes out*]. They have locked my door, and think they have got me safe—but [*sees them*] Ah! my father and old Phillip! A young lad, too! I will listen and find out who it is, and what they are about.

Anselme. Be comforted, my dear Lubin. I will entreat your father for you. In the mean time, go and walk in the garden, and see the pretty flowers, and the grottos.

Lubin. That I will—you seem as if you loved me already.

Anselme. I do, I do; but go into the garden, take care of yourself.

Lubin. I will never fear, oh dear me. [*goes dancing off at the top of the stage, Eliza watches him from behind the shrubs.*]

Phillip. Is your daughter safely locked up?

Anselme. Yes, and under the care of her Governess.

Phillip. Very well. Let us talk of Lubin, did you receive my letter?

Anselme. Yes, Phillip, and have done what you requested of me. But may I venture to tell you my thoughts on the subject?

Phillip. Well! what are they?

Anselme. How can you harbour a wish to conceal from your son's knowledge, the existence of any human being but ourselves. Why do you encourage this whimsical idea?

Eliza. Heavens, what a wicked man!

Phillip. I have my reasons for so doing.

Anselme. Your fortune, these premises you have entrusted to me and all.

Phillip. No more of that, my resolutions are formed, and I will not alter them. Will you assist me in the plan, or not?

Anselme. I have done my duty as a friend.

Phillip. I know what I am about to do.—You have only to take care, that Gertrude is well disposed towards me, and skilled in the task she has to impose on Lubin, and give her to understand she will have cause to rejoice if she succeeds.

Anselme. That I have already done.

Phillip. And to accomplish the purpose, she is to treat him harshly.

Anselme. I will answer for her acquitting herself well—but [*Lubin returns.*]

Lubin. Well, father, shall we go to the city?

Phillip. Let us go into the house and rest awhile, then we will decide upon it. [*Phillip and Lubin go in.*]

Anselme (following them). Poor Phillip, poor Phillip, how I pity him! [*Enters the house.*]

Eliza [comes forward]. And how I hate him! Was there ever such a thing heard of before—to conceal from a child that there are any women in the world. I suppose he will try to make him believe they are a sort of wicked creatures? Poor young man! he will be easily persuaded to think so, if he sees no other than old Cross Patch. How much pleasure she will take to torment this pretty amiable little fellow! Ecod, if I could be but one moment in his company, I would soon convince him to the contrary, and that they are persuading him to believe a parcel of stories. How shall I be able to get a peep at—Let me see if I can't contrive it.

[*Lubin appears at the window and sees Eliza.*]

Lubin [staring at her]. What do I see?

Eliza [makes signs at him] [he retires]. It is him—he has seen me—If he could but come down!—Ah! I hear him—now I shall be able to speak to him [*A bustle is heard, and Phillip comes out of the house after Lubin, who is agitated.*] Ah! it is father Phillip! Where shall I get to? I shall be discovered, where hide myself? Ah! I have it—in the garden.

[*Exit.*]

Phillip [coming on]. Gently, dear Lubin, gently, calm yourself.

Lubin. Ah! what have I seen? Where's it? [*looks about.*]

Or, The Force of Nature.

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Phillip. How he is agitated!—That cursed window! How imprudent it was to leave it open. [*To Lubin*]. Come tell me my child what it is you have seen.

SONG.—*Lubin.*

I've seen, I've seen, and fain would tell,
Had I the skill to do it well;
In glowing terms the vision bright,
That struck upon my ravished sight.

A form—a face,
Such matchless grace.
Such 'witching charms' possessing,
So sweet an air,
Such smiles were there,
Each look contained a blessing.

Charming object! nameless stranger,
With thy beauties still enchant me,
Those bright eyes will banish danger,
Near that form no ills can daunt me.
Appear! appear!

Be ever near,
Spotless vision! lovely blesser;
By night, by day,
For ever stay,
My soul's delight, my heart's possessor.

Phillip. It is a woman he has seen, I've no doubt of it—Ah! that unfortunate window?

Lubin. Never was there any thing so handsome, it had very much the appearance of a little boy; however now I look at myself, I find a little boy is not so delicate, nor half so pretty—No! it was not a boy—But what was it then? Might it not be one of those wonderful things I know nothing of, and which I am so anxious to know all about? Oh, my father, you know what that heavenly creature is—pray tell me?

Phillip. Lubin---Lubin---I have told you before that your impatience and vain curiosity will cause you a great deal of trouble---What you think you have seen is—is nothing---nothing child.

Lubin. Nothing---you are deceiving me now father. It was certainly something father, and alive too, and of a singular nature; for it has made such an impression on my

senses ! I tremble, I am all over cold, and I feel within me, as if I had lost something---[*laying his hand on his breast.*]

Phillip. [*aside*] It is of no use to attempt to conceal any thing from him---what is to be done?--- [*to Lubin*] Listen Lubin---it was not my intention to let you see what you have so early---and I wishing to save you from the uneasiness and anxiety this fatal meeting has caused in you—

Lubin. What! then I have not been deceived? it was something?

Phillip. No! you have not---it was, it was.

Lubin. And what was the pretty creature?

Phillip. [*embarrassed*] It was [*aside*] How shall I answer him.

Lubin. It was.

Phillip. It was a---a---

Lubin. Do not tease me so---tell me what it was?

Phillip. Well, well---it was [*aside*] a lucky thought. It was an animal, child.

Lubin. An animal!

Phillip. Yes! yes!

Lubin. I do not remember having seen one like it before?

Phillip. No my child you have not, it is a kind of animal that never frequents woods and forests---it is only contented to live in large towns and cities.

Lubin. How pretty it was; does it ever talk?

Phillip. Talk---oh! yes it talks fast enough.

Lubin. What does it say?

Phillip. A thousand sweet things; it says the most pleasing things you ever heard.

Lubin. Oh, my father if so---take one home with you for me to play with, I should like to have one so much, and I will never ask you to take me to the great town again?

Phillip. This is what I expected---my dear Lubin, you must know that this animal, which nature has formed so lovely, so perfect, so enchanting; is also very wicked, ungrateful, and dangerous.

Lubin. Oh heavens! is it possible?

Phillip. I know it from experience.

Lubin. Have you had one then?

Phillip. Yes, to my sorrow.

Lubin. What has it done to you?

Phillip. Done to me---a great deal of harm.

Lubin. Is it in the nature of one so lovely to be wicked, and harm you. Perhaps father you did not know how to tame it properly?

Phillip. Tame it? that's impossible.

Lubin. Ah! my father---let me have one to myself---choose a young one for me, and I promise you I'll tame it. I will caress it so much, that I will make it love me, and accustom it to follow me about the woods---I will lead it out to graze in the shade by the river's side, and teach it to sing all my pretty songs, and play a thousand little tricks, which will please you, and prove the pleasantest society for you in the world?

Phillip. [*aside*] I know not what to say to him. Well *Lubin*, well, since you wish to see and have one of these animals, your wish shall be gratified, but believe me my dear boy you will repent your folly.

Enter Anselme from the House.

Phillip. Well *Anselme*?

Anselme. All is ready, and we only wait for your orders.

Phillip. I will inform you first of my success with *Lubin*--- [*to Lubin*] Since thy curiosity boy, will not yield to my advice---I will perform my promise---you shall see one of these animals, [*Anselme whispers*] you shall be alone with it---but remember it is against my wish that you should be exposed to such dangers. So take care you are not deceived.

Lubin. I fear nothing father.

Anselme and Phillip enter the House.

I am going to see one close to me---what a treat it will be? But I shall be without any protector should it attempt to harm me---never mind I have tamed wolves and foxes---sure I can tame this animal---so courage *Lubin*.

Eliza (*appears*) He is alone? I will go to him--- (*a noise of footsteps in the house*) Ah, some one is coming---all is lost again---(*withdraws*).

Lubin. I hear it coming---(*Enter Gertrude*) Ah! there it is, but not half so pretty and interesting as the other. (*he withdraws from it.*)

Gertrude. (*aside*) They will not come and listen to me, so I shall be able to say what I like to him---(*she looks at him*) He has not yet seen a woman, so I must please him by

speaking kindly to him, and if I succeed it will be a triumph for me to be revenged of the impertinent jokes of Mr. Anselme. *(She puts on a pleasing air, and approaches him, he avoids her.)*

Gertrude. Lubin, my pretty Lubin?

Lubin. *(Shakes his cap at her to drive her away)* Pch: Pch: Pch: What do you want?

Gertrude. To make you happy.

Lubin. Pray don't come near me.

Gertrude. Why?

Lubin. You frighten me so.

Gertrude. What is there about me that frightens you?

Lubin. Every thing:

Gertrude. The little savage---what gallantry---he is already a man in manners.

Lubin. How wild it grows; I wish it would go.

Gertrude. But, Lubin---

Lubin. I don't know; but it seems to me as if you had not been so well tamed as you ought to have been.

Gertrude. Tamed! tamed! my pretty Lubin cheer up a little, don't be alarmed, when you have been with me a little while, you will find yourself more comfortable than you expect.

Lubin. No---I feel that I shall never be happy with you, so you may leave me as soon as you like.

Gertrude. *(aside.)* The little viper. Amiable child: turn your eyes towards me, who only wants to be seen and to be approved---look at me, and read in my look the tender affection I have for you---come to my arms, and receive the pledge of everlasting love.

Lubin. *(runs from her)* I must save myself---I know you are a wicked animal.

Gertrude. Oh the vile brute, to shun my proffered kindness, you deserve the punishment that is reserved for you; I was too good in wishing to be kind to you. Henceforth I shall hate you, and since you despise me, I will make you feel the effects of my passion---ah! you little viper.

[Enters the Cottage.

Lubin. *(frightened)* How I am to be pitied, why did I not listen to my father's advice--yet who could have thought that such an animal could be wicked.

Eliza. *(coming out)* She is gone-- *(sees Lubin)* Poor Lubin how frightened he is---I dare not approach him now---

if I do he will avoid me; after the treatment he has just met with, he will think I am wicked too.

Lubin. What shall I do? where shall I get to save myself
---(*He looks about and sees the painted door*) Ah! what do I see? here are three of them—how graceful they are—what lovely eyes. Who would not be deceived by them (*goes and examines it*)—Alas! it is but a picture, and perhaps a snare to catch me—the sight of them enrages me. Perfidious deceitful creatures I will be revenged of you.

(*He strikes violently on the picture, the door flies open, he draws back.*)

Eliza (*aside*) Oh! heavens what a passion he is in.

Lubin. A door!—I did not perceive it, where does it lead to?---(*he looks in*) Oh my what a pretty place.

(*He enters and Eliza comes forward.*)

Eliza. Oh! death, he is gone into my chamber—If I call him---No---my governess has put him into such a passion---besides we might be overheard---and if I let him escape me this time---if I leave him he is lost. How shall I act? Ah! an excellent thought! I must tell a terrible big story, that will be very wrong; never mind, it is to do a good action, my father will forgive me for it. First let me shut the door---(*She shuts it, and then cries out loud*) father! governess! help! help! make haste help!

Enter Anselme, Phillip, and Gertrude.

Phillip. Eliza here---where is my boy Lubin.

Gertrude. What do you do here Miss---how come you here.

Anselme. You were in your chamber, my daughter--how did you get out? What is the matter?

Eliza. My dear father, I heard my governess just now quarrelling with, and threatening to beat a young man and afterwards I heard a great noise, which was the same young man my governess was quarrelling with, beating violently against that picture abusing the persons it represented, when, to my surprise a door flew open, which led into my chamber---it did frighten me so you don't know, particularly when the young man entered---so I ran out as fast as I could---thinking it was a thief, and called out as loud as I could for help.

Anselme. (*to Phillip*) I foresaw all this.

Phillip. My dear boy is gone---Oh! Lubin where are you---Oh! Gertrude, Gertrude, where is my boy?

Anselme. Let us loose no time, but haste to look for him---Phillip you take the road to your Grotto---you Gertrude go as fast as you can to the village, and alarm all our neighbours---and I will take towards the city---come, come.

(They Exit through the gate.)

Eliza. *(laughing)* There they go---Now have I a good opportunity to undeceive poor Lubin. Let me open the door softly, for fear of frightening him; this requires some management.

(She opens the door and retires up.)

Lubin. *(enters)* I know not what it is---but I do not feel half so much afraid as I was---that pretty place has relieved me, and my banished fears are replaced by a tender sentiment.

Eliza. Lest he should shun me, I will hide behind these shrubs and speak to him.

DUETTO. *Eliza and Lubin.*

Eliza. Hist! Lubin hist!

Lubin. What gentle sound
Breathes Lubin's name? sure all around
I tread upon enchanted ground;
Speak lovely spirit, speak again,
Who calls on Lubin! say.

Eliza. A friend who comes to soothe his pain,
And chase his fears away.

Lubin. Sure 'tis my bosom's sacred choice,
The unknown charming stranger's voice,
That bids my trembling heart rejoice.
Speak lovely spirit! speak again?
Who calls on Lubin, say?

Eliza. A friend who comes to soothe his pain,
And chase his fears away.

Lubin. My charming spirit grace the light,
And bless thy faithful Lubin's sight.

Eliza. Ah! I cannot---

Lubin. Don't deny me.

Eliza. Should you see me you would fly me.

Lubin. Never!

Eliza. -----Never?

Lubin. —————Haste and try me,
Repeat from "*ah! I cannot—*
[*A symphony and business; Lubin looks for her, and she comes forward. Lubin at last sees her, he starts and sings again looking at her.*

Lubin. 'Tis the same bewitching creature,
Fair in form, and mild in feature;
Mistress of my constant heart!

Eliza. Fickle *Lubin* thus to shun me,
Distant thus when thou hast won me,
Does my presence fear impart—

Lubin. Ah! it cannot! life without thee
Were a blank.

Eliza. —————No! no! I doubt thee,

Lubin. Spells and magic dwell about thee--

Eliza. Still you flatter;

Lubin. —————No! about thee!
Dwell such charms.

Eliza. —————Indeed I doubt thee.

Lubin. Life itself were death without thee.

Eliza. (*aside*) Ah! he does not shun me---Now shall I be able to convince him we are not all wicked.

Lubin. I do not think it is mischievous—I will try it—
[*to Eliza whistling for her to approach*] Come nearer lovely creature, and tell me what you are?

Eliza. [*aside*] Alas! how my heart seems to beat—I do not feel myself to be the same person; what can it be?

Lubin. Tell me I pray you if you are good, and what you are?

Eliza. What shall I do?—Why *Lubin*—I—I am a woman.

Lubin. A woman!—a woman!—[*aside thinking*] Now I recollect my father used to complain bitterly of those animals, and would never tell me any thing about them—
(*to Eliza*) and what is a woman?

Eliza. It is that excellent creature they would make you hate.

Lubin. Aye! and are you really a woman?

Eliza. Undoubtedly, I am—

Lubin. And a good one too?

Eliza. I hope so.

Lubin. But my father has told me.

Eliza. That we are a sort of bad animal, and has made

you live with him in the forests because you should not discover, there were any of us living in the world—To day he deceived you by persuading you that we are all bad creatures, and would do you some harm, and all for no other reason than because he does not wish you to be a lover, nor yet a husband.

Lubin. Oh ! how I thank you for this—I do not doubt a word you say ; but tell me what you mean by being a lover and a husband ?

Eliza. Alas ! I am not able to explain the nature of them yet—for that cross, ugly, old creature who met you and frightened you so much this morning, and who is also a woman, has refused to tell me any thing about them, in spite of all my entreaties---She shuts me up, treats me like a slave---was it not for that, I should be better able to tell you more about it---but you shall know all, what I fancy they are.

Lubin. Oh ! how happy I shall be, I shall know all about it. Now speak I pray you---your voice fills me with delight.

Eliza. [*aside*] How pretty he does talk ; the more I see of him the more interesting I find him---[*to Lubin.*] Now this is what I think is a lover Lubin. It is a young handsome amiable man, that is full of the desire and power to please the dearest object of his affections, which is dearer to him than the richest treasure---by some secret tie which I am not acquainted with, and which I suppose nothing can break---his heart is united for ever to the delightful creature, which is one of us women---when he is near her he is constantly playing upon her affections, and endeavouring to please her with some pretty tale, in praise of her beauty—and should she be absent from him, he is unhappy, and in despair—and feels as if his life depended on her smiles—She happy he is content—He is hurt if she weeps, and if she dies or is ill—he is almost ready to die too—that is what I think a lover is—as for a husband I don't know any thing about them at all.

Lubin. Oh ! heavens—I am surely your lover.

Eliza. How ! Lubin ?

Lubin. I feel all that you have just said—I tremble before you—and it seems as if you have more power over me than my father—the first time I saw you your features were engraven here.

[*puts his hand on his heart.*]

I feel as if my life depended on yours, and if we were to part, I should die—Oh! yes, I am certainly your lover.

Eliza. [*aside*] Oh! heavens what have I done.

Lubin. Excellent creature be not dejected—say would you see me die?

Eliza. No—Lubin—but perhaps, and for what we know we have been doing something very wrong.

Lubin. Wrong! Oh—no—I am certain we have not—what harm can so lovely and agreeable a creature as yourself do.

Eliza. Would my father was—

Lubin. Your father would no doubt wish you happy, you shall be too, I promise it?

Eliza. Yes—but—

Lubin. Divest yourself of those fears—I am indebted to you for a new existence, and would you deprive me of it so soon?

Eliza. What is it you want then?

Lubin. That you will call me, and assure me I am your lover.

Eliza. [*aside*] I must content him. Well then Lubin you are my lover.

Lubin. How that confession has relieved me, and now [*attempts to take her hand*] my lovely creature—Oh! how much I love you!

Eliza. [*starts from him*] Lubin, you frighten me.

Lubin. What! do you refuse my caresses.

Eliza. Have I not granted all you have asked, what can you desire more?

Lubin. I cannot say what more I desire, but let me take your hand and kiss it. [*takes it.*]

Eliza. [*resisting it*] No—no Lubin; let it go or I will leave you.

Lubin. Leave me—it must not be—I will follow you every where [*kneels to her*] What would become of me if you forsake me?—stay with me for ever.

Eliza. What a pickle I am in—What shall I do? I am alone—I wish my father was here. [*The Bell rings.*]

Ah! it is him—Oh dear! Oh dear! I am lost—Lubin! Lubin!

[*She falls on her knees, and both hug, in this situation the Governess, Anselme, Phillip, and Crowds of Villagers, enter and see them together on their knees.*]

They exclaim as they enter—Ah! Lubin here, and with Eliza too.

[Both jump up, Lubin runs to his father, and the Governess goes and takes Eliza and threatens her. Lubin sings to his father rejoiced.]

Father, father, now I know,
Why you sought to trick me so;
See this fair, this lovely creature,
Best and noblest work of nature.

She I love, respect, adore,
She alone my heart delighting,
She alone my arms requiting.

Yield consent I ask no more.

Phillip. Idle thought and vain endeavour,
Nature's plans to thwart and cross;
Years of labour, ceaseless never,
In one moment turns to loss.
Wretched foresight see thy end,
Never more to skill pretend;
Since two children without trouble,
Burst thee like a water bubble.

Anselme. Come brother yield, you strive in vain,
To break the links of nature's chain.

Phillip. Away, away, consent! Oh! no—
Think you I'll end my purpose so.

Gertrude. Will ye yield and thus destroy,
Years of labour for a toy.

Eliza & Come brother yield, you strike in vain,

Anselme. To break the links of nature's chain.

Anselme. Come my friend, no more resistance,

But to fate submit your will;

Spite of bolts and bars assistance,

Nature will be nature still.

And now my daughter what say you,
Is his passion fair and true.

Eliza. Aye unless my thoughts deceive me,
Lubin's love will never leave me.

Lubin. No till death of life bereave me,
Lubin's love will never leave thee.

Phillip. Say you so my noble boy,

[passes him over to Eliza.]

Then Phillip yields to love and joy.

Phillip. So now my friends no more resistance,
But to fate submit your will.

Hencewith bolts, and bars assistance,
Nature will be nature still.

Anselme, Phillip, Gertrude, Eliza, and Lubin.

Yes my friends no more resistance,
Let's to fate submit our will,
A truce to bolts and bars assistance,
Nature will be nature still.

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Days of bliss no more resistance,
&c. &c.

A DUETT.

SUNG BY JEMMY AND JERRY HEARTMOUSE.

Mr. SLOMAN and Mr. BEVERLEY,

In a Masquerade Scene—their first Meeting, since they parted
at Hayti, on the Death of Christophe.

BY J. M. BENNETT.

Jemmy. What Jerry?

Jerry. What Jemmy?

Jemmy. [*aside*] Yes! no! sure 'tis him?
Your name's Jerry I fancy?

Jerry. I think your name's Jim,

Jemmy. Who'd have thought of this meeting.

Jerry. Why Jemmy know

I left you at Hayti a short time ago,
crying, go along Jerry, tip it him Jerry,
Fol the rol, tol the rol, fol the rol la.

Jemmy. I know it, but Jerry I value my head.

Jerry. I know it.

Jemmy. And besides our Grandmama went dead.

Jerry. What Grandmama dead?—let me weep if I can,
No the devil a drop,

Jemmy. Just so I mourned for Fan.

Jerry. Well but Jemmy what brought you to this
charming spot.

Jemmy. Why Jerry, old Hayti was growing too hot.

Jemmy and Jerry.

Tho, that black devil Christophe was dead, yet
Said I run as great risks under President Boyer,
Tol lol.

Jemmy. So hop, skip, and jump, I set off in the night,
Because I ne'er had a stomach to fight.

Jerry. I know that well, what then?

Jemmy. I can plan and devise—
And as for invention.

Jerry. Ah! there your fort *lies*.
Tol the rol.

Jemmy. But now Jerry tell me what means this fine hall,
'These lights, and black faces,

Jerry. Is the name that they give.

Jemmy. They give, and whose they?

Jerry: Why the folks to be sure that did christen the play.
Tol de rol.

Jemmy. Well Jemmy and what ? now the news of yourself, Have you got a good place, have you plenty of pelf.

Jerry. A plenty my boy, and will make your heart merry,
Lots of chink Jemmy.

Jemmy. Tol de rol. Then go along Jerry.

Jerry. Oh Jim—'tis a rare place this Venice d'ye see?
Lots of eating?

Jemmy. No fighting!

Jerry. That won't do for me—
If a rival insults you,—no words—but straight bury
In his breast, a Stiletto.

Jemmy. And then go it Jerry.
Tol de rol.

Jemmy. But Jerry—now what of the girls, for I know
You've a small taste that way, do they like you?

Jerry. So, so.

Jemmy. You're handsome?

Jerry. A beauty.

Femmy. Unpainted.

Jerry. Yes very.

Jemmy. No wonder they love and cry out, go it Jerry.

“GO IT JERRY.”

*A Comic Song sung by Mr. SLOMAN. Written by
J. EBSWORTH.*

Air.—Gee ho Dobbin.

Your pardon, may I be so bold as enquire,
If any one here has seen poor Jeremiah;
He's wandered away with old Fireproof Fanny,
Our kind fellow trav'ler, and soldier-like granny.

(*Spoken*) Bless her old heart—I shall always love her, for
she took care of us when we couldn't take care of our-
selves—and damn him says I that would desert an old
friend because she wears a ragged soldier's coat—so

Have you seen Jerry,
My brother Jerry,

Have you seen Jerry and Granny, oh! oh.

When we went to Domingo, and fought 'gainst Christophe,
'They call'd brother Jerry a damn'd stooped oaf;
But they found that in fight he the foremost would rush,
While I cheer'd up his heart safely perch'd in a bush.

(*Spoken*) My gemini—to see how he laid about him on all
sides—“Where are you Jemmy” said he—“Here, brother
Jerry” said I—“Come and fight Jemmy” said he—“I'll
be damn'd if I do” said I—“You shall have all the honor
to yourself”—so

Go it Jerry,
'Tip it 'em Jerry,

Go along Jerry, for you are the boy.

A crack'd head for honor, I thought was a hum,
So, I'm blow'd if I didn't creep into a drum;
Poor Jerry was brought on, and doom'd to be shot,
But I sent both his enemies quickly to pot.

(*Spoken.*) Yes, I was wise enough to have a brace of loaded
pistols in my belt, by way of body guard; so when Jerry
was placed, against a tree, and they cried—“' Make
ready—present”—I fired, and gave them a belly-full of
bullets—while I sung—

Go it Jerry,
'Tip it 'em Jerry,

Go along Jerry, for we are the boys.

When we made our escape, but were near being drown'd,
On the Coast of the Carib the ship run aground,
We clung to the wreck, though the night dark as pitch,
But were sav'd in the morn by the pretty white witch.

(*Spoken*) Ah, there it was I fell desperately in love with my
dear little mooney—she was what you may call a black
beauty, for all the world like a stick of Spanish liquorice—
she coaxed the centinel while brother Jerry got into the
fortress; didn't I look through a window, and see him
fighting three at a time, and didn't I cry—

Go it Jerry,
Tip it 'em Jerry,

Go along Jerry, for you are the boy.

In the heat of the battle I lost all my fears,
So I took old *tame ram*, the high priest by the ears;
It signified nothing to whimper and whine,
For I led him along, like a pig in a line.

(*Spoken*) On our march, me and my prisoner, I spied Jeremiah and Granny fighting away, as if the devil was in them, I had'nt time to assist them, so I cried—

Go it Jerry,
Tip it e'm Jerry,

Go along Jerry and Granny, oh! oh!

For our lives in our travels we've had many squeaks.
And have lately been armed in the cause of the Greeks;
But now we must rest upon our perilous works,
For we're put down oppression and leathered the Turks.

(*Spoken*) Aye, that we have, and may all tyrants be aw'd with
the same sauce—but while old Fan Fireproof, Jerry, and
I have a leg left to stand upon—we shall continue to assist
the cause of the oppressed---that is---Brother and Granny
shall fight, while I cry—

Go it Jerry,
Tip it 'em Jerry.

Go along Jerry and Granny, oh! oh.

